

15 Cents.

3/15/

SWON
105

Pictorial History OF THE Beecher-Tilton Scandal.

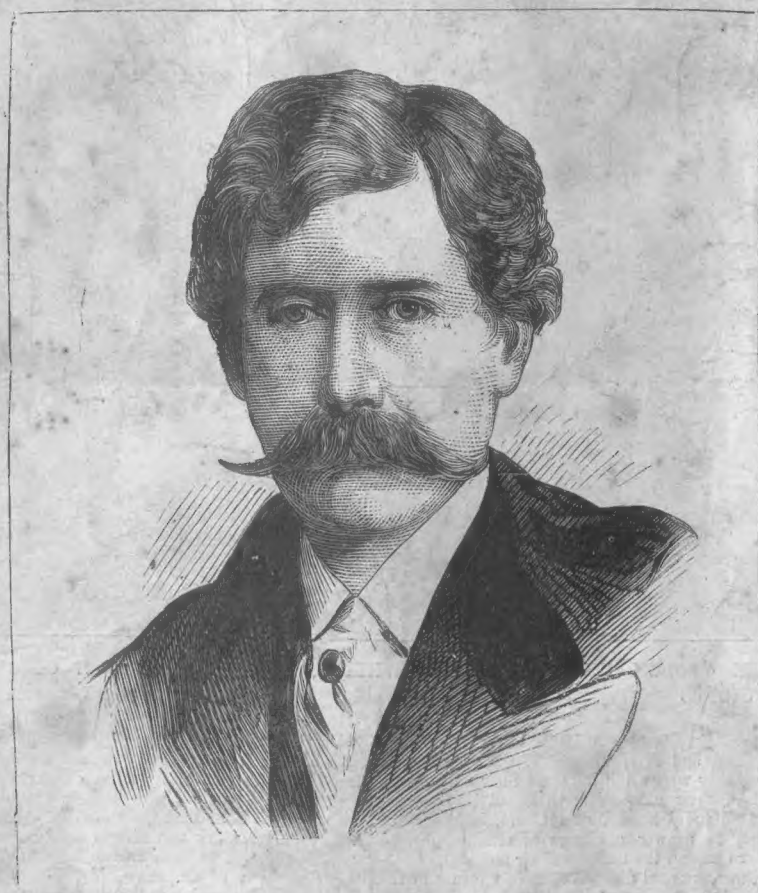
Its Origin, Progress and Trial, Illustrated with Fifty Engravings
from Accurate Sketches.



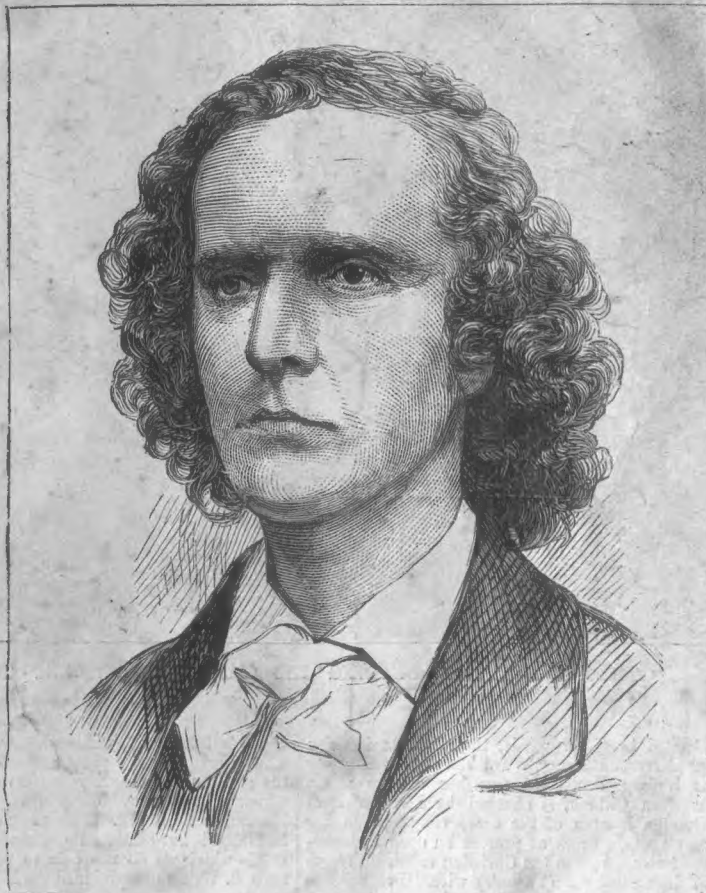
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, THE DEFENDANT IN THE SCANDAL SUIT.



MRS. ELIZABETH R. TILTON.



FRANCIS D. MOULTON, THE MUTUAL FRIEND AND CHAMPION-WITNESS OF AMERICA.



THEODORE TILTON, PLAINTIFF IN THE GREAT SCANDAL SUIT.

THE PRINCIPALS IN THE ACTION.

THE Beecher-Tilton SCANDAL.

THE following is an account in full, down to the present date, of the latest great scandal which has convulsed the entire Christian communities not only of New York, Brooklyn, and neighboring cities, but also of the entire Christian congregations throughout the whole country.

pose, as the commencement of a series of aggressive moral warfare on the social question, to begin in this article with ventilating one of the most stupendous scandals which has ever occurred in any community. I refer to that which has been whispered broadcast for the last two or three years through the cities of New York and Brooklyn, touching the character and conduct of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his relations with the family of Theodore Tilton. I intend that this article shall burst like a bombshell into the ranks of the moralistic social camp."

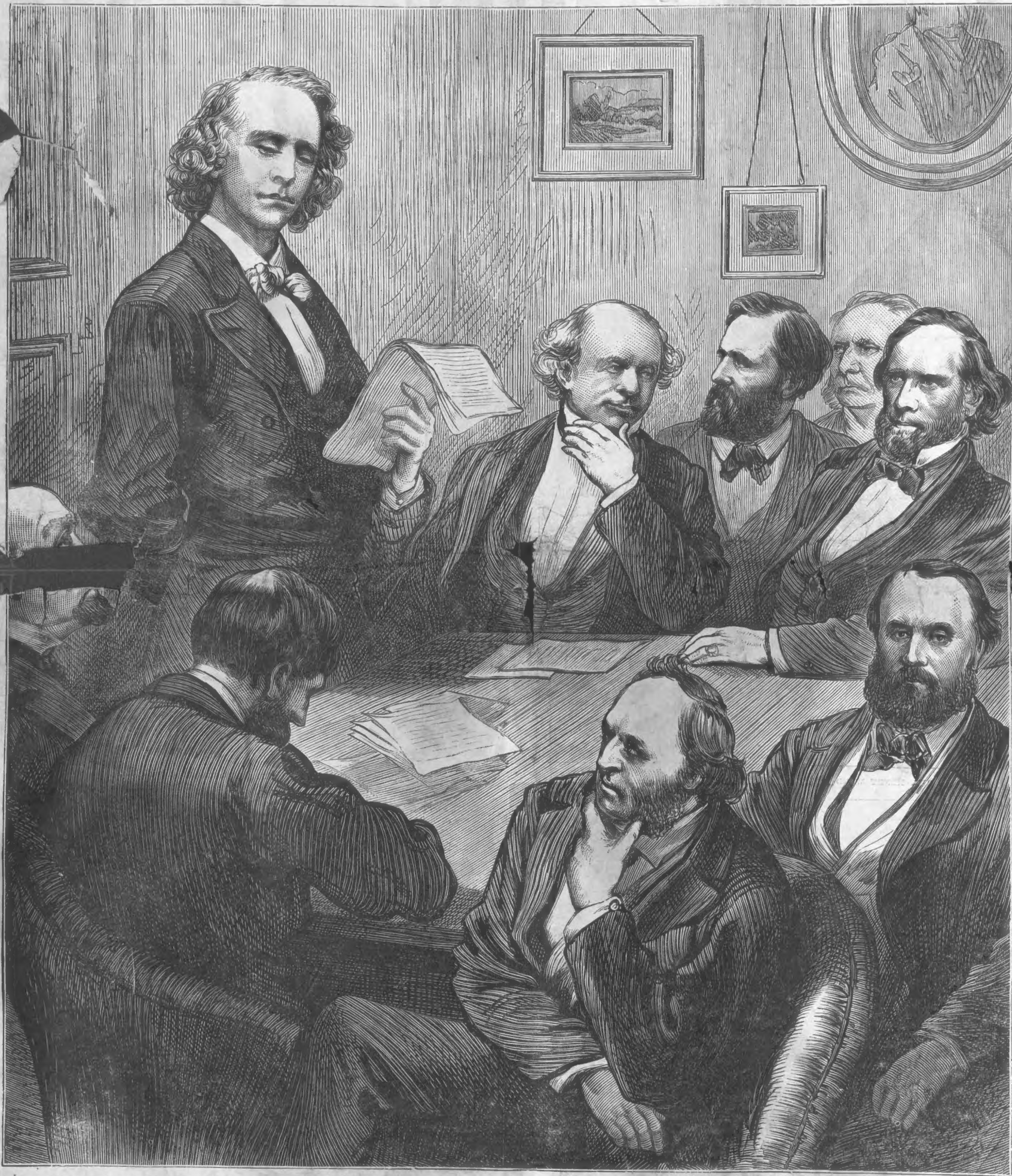
So it did. When the number of *Woodhull &*

the virtue of one of the lambs of his flock, and intimated strongly that there was much more to be said if she so chose. The town went wild over the new sensation. The first edition of the paper was soon exhausted, and another had to be printed. At eight o'clock that evening salacious citizens were offering one and two dollars for a copy of the journal.

Naturally enough, there was a recoil. After the public had glutted itself with the prurient narrative, it became disgusted, and cried aloud for these bold women to be sacrificed. One Comstock arose in his might, with an idea in his head and

of a prison-window. But it must be said, also, that they never lost their nerve; and, when they walked from the court under a complimentary bail, they were as aggressive as when the hand of the law was first placed upon their dainty shoulders in Broad Street.

On November 2d, 1872, the long-threatened "thunderbolt," which the two determined sisters had gone to San Francisco to prepare, was launched upon the public in the paper edited and owned by the Woodhull sisters (Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin), and known as *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*.



THEODORE TILTON READING HIS FAMOUS STATEMENT TO THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE, AT THE RESIDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS STORRS.

Stated in a few words, the situation is this: The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, confessedly the leading Protestant preacher of the whole American Church, is charged by Mr. Theodore Tilton, a layman of the same congregation for many years, though at present an open and professed disbeliever in the Christian creed, with having debauched his (Tilton's) wife. Beecher was not only accused also with this great crime, but with having kept up the scenes of debauchery through a long series of years.

The keynote of this disgraceful affair is found in these words of Victoria C. Woodhull: "I pro-

Clayton's Weekly in which was the great article whose force was not yet spent was thrown upon the street, the community underwent all the experience of a moral earthquake. This was on November 2d, 1872. The papers sold like the traditional hot-cakes. In plain words, and in words which we do not care to repeat, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull arraigned the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on a charge of adultery. She spoke boldly, and her sentences rang out on the startled air like the sound of a trumpet. In as direct a way as was possible, she accused the Plymouth pastor of having violated

a warrant in his hand. He had Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and Miss Tennie C. Claflin arrested, just as they were alighting from their carriage in front of their office—No. 48 Broad Street—and taken to the United States Court, in Chambers Street, to answer a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails. Their numerous hearings, and the final disagreement of the jury in the Challis libel case, are matters fresh in the minds of the public, and need no extension at our hands. The two women spent several nights in the Tombs and in Ludlow Street Jail, and came to appreciate how it was to peep at the world through the bars

Previously to the publication of this second article, Mrs. Woodhull had written a letter, a sentence of which was this: "I know a clergyman of eminence in Brooklyn, who lives in concubinage with the wife of another individual of equal eminence." Her story was simply an enlargement upon this text. The wife was Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, the clergyman of eminence, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. For several days the Eastern Press maintained a strange and ominous silence.

The thunder of the first guns came from the West. The *Chicago Times* had several spicy letters from New York upon the all-important

topic, and later, Mr. E. H. G. Clark, of Troy, now the editor of the *Solden Age*, published what he called a "thunderbolt." It didn't do much damage, however, and the scandal drifted out of the minds of the people.

The whole offensive story was then buried by the two men whom it most concerned, and, arm-in-arm, they walked away from the grave, content to leave the corruption behind them for ever.

Then came a set of church-bossing busybodies and pokenoses, calling themselves an "Ecclesiastical Council," who with mattock, pick, and spade, persisted in unearthing the whole rotting mass,

Of course the enormous congregation of Plymouth Church, comprising a brotherhood of more than three thousand members, could do no less than at once to institute a Committee of its leading members, with directions to proceed at once to the most searching investigation of the entire affair.

The Committee at once met, and was organized with Dr. Stearns, of Amherst, as temporary Chairman, Dr. Quint, of New Bedford, as temporary Scribe, and one hundred and forty-one Pastors and Delegates, and the first session opened on the 24th of March, 1874. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of Yale,

The affair was then relegated to the Courts, in which at least a half-dozen important suits have been and are yet to be tried.

The most important one of all is the one which is to try the direct issue between Beecher and Tilton personally.

Biographical Sketches of the Principal Characters in the Scandal.

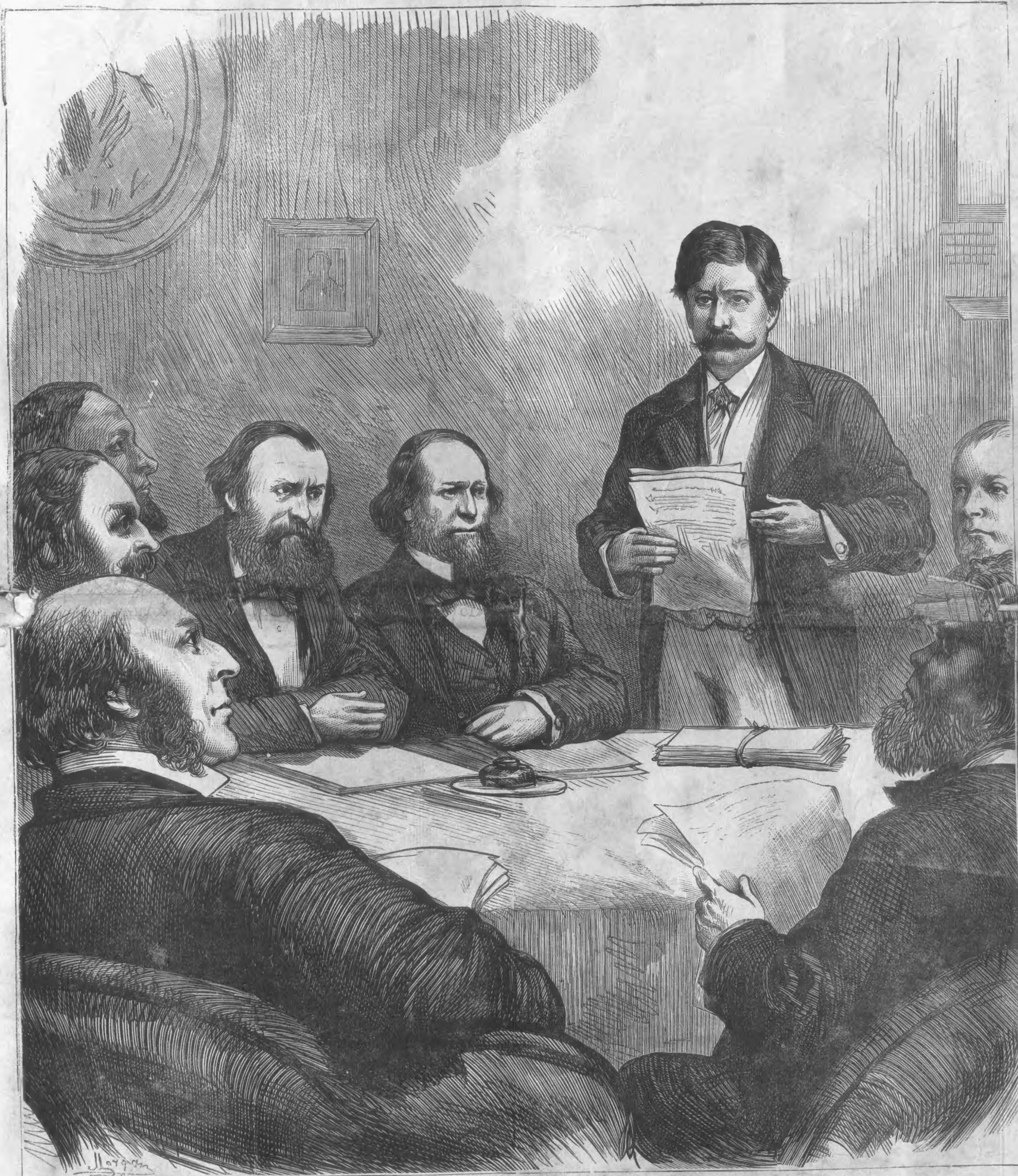
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born June 24th, 1813, and is now in his sixty-second

lyn, in answer to a call. He has been lecturer, politician, and newspaper-writer, in addition to filling the rôle of minister. Several volumes of his writings have been published, among them the celebrated "Star Papers," and his novel of "Norwood," originally contributed to the *New York Ledger*. There has also been issued the first volume of a "Life of Christ" from his pen.

THEODORE TILTON.

Tilton is rather a handsome man than otherwise. His slender and yet massive form gives him a prominence in the throng which challenges attention



MR. FRANK MOULTON'S FIRST APPEARANCE BEFORE THE PLYMOUTH INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE LAST SUMMER.

and once again dragging it forth into the light of day, for their own special dissection and inspection.

One Dr. Bacon, after the Council had adjourned, thought it wise and proper to allude to Tilton as "a knave and a dog." That was the barb that struck his heart. He wrote an indignant reply. Beecher rushed into print, and challenged an investigation. Tilton picked up the glove thrown at his feet, retired to his house in Livingston St., Brooklyn, and wrote his celebrated statement, which accuses the first clergyman of this land of being guilty of the meanest crime known to humanity—the seduction of the wife of a friend.

whose celebrated letter had given Tilton the excuse to reopen the old sore, was elected Moderator, and the Hon. Charles J. Walker, of Detroit, Michigan, as Associate. Dr. Quint and Rev. J. C. Meserole, of Brooklyn, were elected Scribe and Assistant. The Committee sat for many days, examined many witnesses, especially putting Mr. Beecher and the other principals through a most terrible direct and cross-examination.

The final verdict of the Committee was one of exculpation, which ended the affair so far as the public action of the Church was concerned. The exculpating report was read in Plymouth Church, August 28th, 1874.

year. His mother was the second wife of his father, and died while Henry was very young. Mrs. Stowe was the offspring of the same mother. As a schoolboy, Henry Ward was not over-brilliant, and never was, as he is not now, a scholar in the strict sense of the word. He graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and studied Theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, of which his father was President. His first settlement as a minister was over a Presbyterian Church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1837, where he remained only two years, when he returned to Indianapolis, where he remained eight years. In 1847 he came to the Plymouth Church of Brook-

lyn, in answer to a call. He has been lecturer, politician, and newspaper-writer, in addition to filling the rôle of minister. Several volumes of his writings have been published, among them the celebrated "Star Papers," and his novel of "Norwood," originally contributed to the *New York Ledger*. There has also been issued the first volume of a "Life of Christ" from his pen.



MR. BEECHER READING HIS STATEMENT OF GENERAL DENIAL TO THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.



MR. BEECHER'S CROSS-EXAMINATION BY THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE OF HIS CH. CH.

THE PARLOR OF MR. ROSSITER RAYMOND, 123 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN—SCENE WHEN THE REPORTERS WERE MAKING COPIES OF MR. BEECHER'S STATEMENT.





1. Mrs. Bradshaw, a Witness. 2. San Francisco Chronicle Reporter. 3. Beecher's Constant Friend. 4. Plaintiff and Defendant. 5. Mrs. Raymond. 6. Mrs. Shearman. 7. Mrs. Field. 8. Moulton's hair in the morning—
in the afternoon. 9. Earl Roseberry, prospective son-in-law of W. B. Duncan, sits beside the Judge. 10. Mrs. Beecher sadly hears of the death of Moulton's mother. 11. Mrs. Tilton in the Court-room.
12. Mr. Woodruff, a Witness. 13. A Dra't Protector. 14. Mr. West, a Witness. 15. Mr. Fullerton produces a letter. 16. Mr. Shearman gives General Tracy a point.

THE TILTON-BEECHER SCANDAL CASE.—INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL.—SEE PAGE 375.

by a pure and sentimental Platonism. But of this we know nothing, and care nothing. He has been editor of the *Independent*, *Brooklyn Union*, and *Golden Age*. His principal business now is tearing down the glittering fame of Mr. Beecher.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

She is about thirty-five years old, and looks much younger. Stated frankly, Victoria is a very engaging woman, without being positively pretty. She was born in the West, and has all the dash and spirit of that breezy country. After trying

shaft told, and to-day all the world is halting in its tread to know if the wound is dangerous.

FRANCIS D. MOULTON.

Mr. Francis D. Moulton is about thirty-eight years of age, of fine presence, dresses well, and has shown by his nerve and *finesse*, while in the witness-chair, that he is the champion testifier of America. He was born in New York, and went to school with Tilton at the Free Academy. They are fast friends. Mr. Moulton is a member of the firm of Woodruff & Robinson, of New York. He

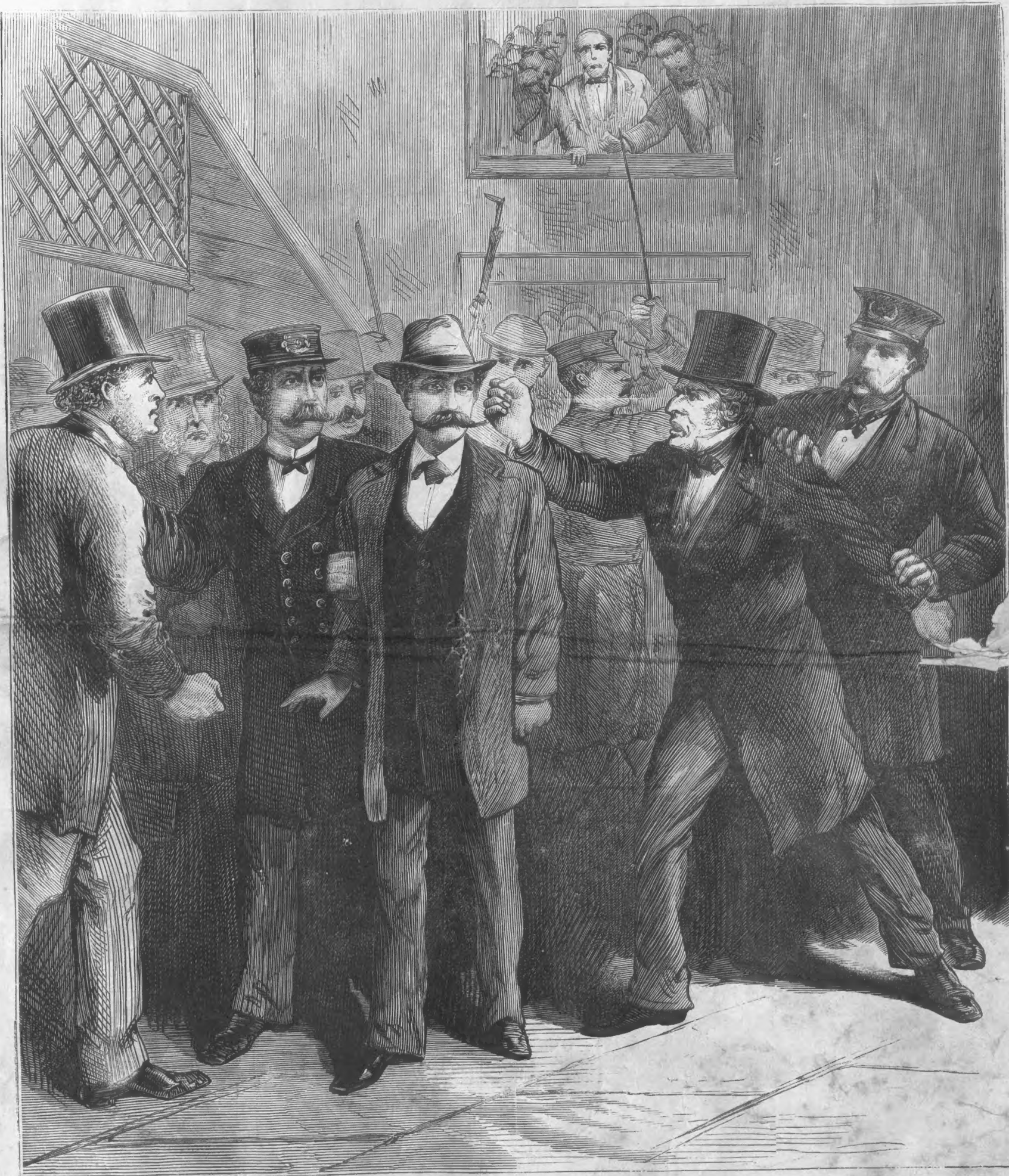
who generally manage to have her in the courtroom, where she sits listlessly looking at her husband and listening to the evidence.

Tilton's First Thunderbolt.

THEODORE TILTON, stung by a letter written by the Rev. Leonard Bacon, in which he was called a dog, replied to that gentleman in a lengthy epistle, from which we make the following extracts:

I need first to state a few facts in chronological

near and far (since evil tales magnify as they travel), a weekly paper in New York, in November, 1872, published a wicked and horrible scandal—a publication which some persons in the church ignorantly attributed in its origin to me; whereas I had previously spent many months of constant and unremitting endeavor to suppress it—an endeavor in which, with an earnest motive but a foolish judgment, I made many ill-directed sacrifices of reputation, position, money, and fair prospects in life—for all which losses of things precious, since mine alone was the folly, let mine alone be the blame.



THE ATTACK ON FRANK MOULTON, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 28TH, 1874, IN FRONT OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, AFTER THE ACQUITTING REPORT OF THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE HAD BEEN READ.

the clairvoyant business in Cincinnati and Chicago, she came East, and burst upon New York, in company with her sister, Miss Fennie C. Clafin, as a broker. Since her French gaiter first trod a Gotham street she has been a sensation. When banking got slow she started a newspaper, and it was then she became acquainted with Tilton. During her intimacy with him, she became acquainted, as she alleges, with the story of the scandal. When she deemed the time ripe and ready, she shot her shaft at Mr. Beecher, as one of the first incidents of the great warfare which she had pledged herself to wage upon society. The

is a successful merchant, and lives in magnificent style on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. During the last day of his testimony the sad intelligence was brought to him that his mother had died at her residence on Lexington Avenue, New York.

Mrs. TILTON.

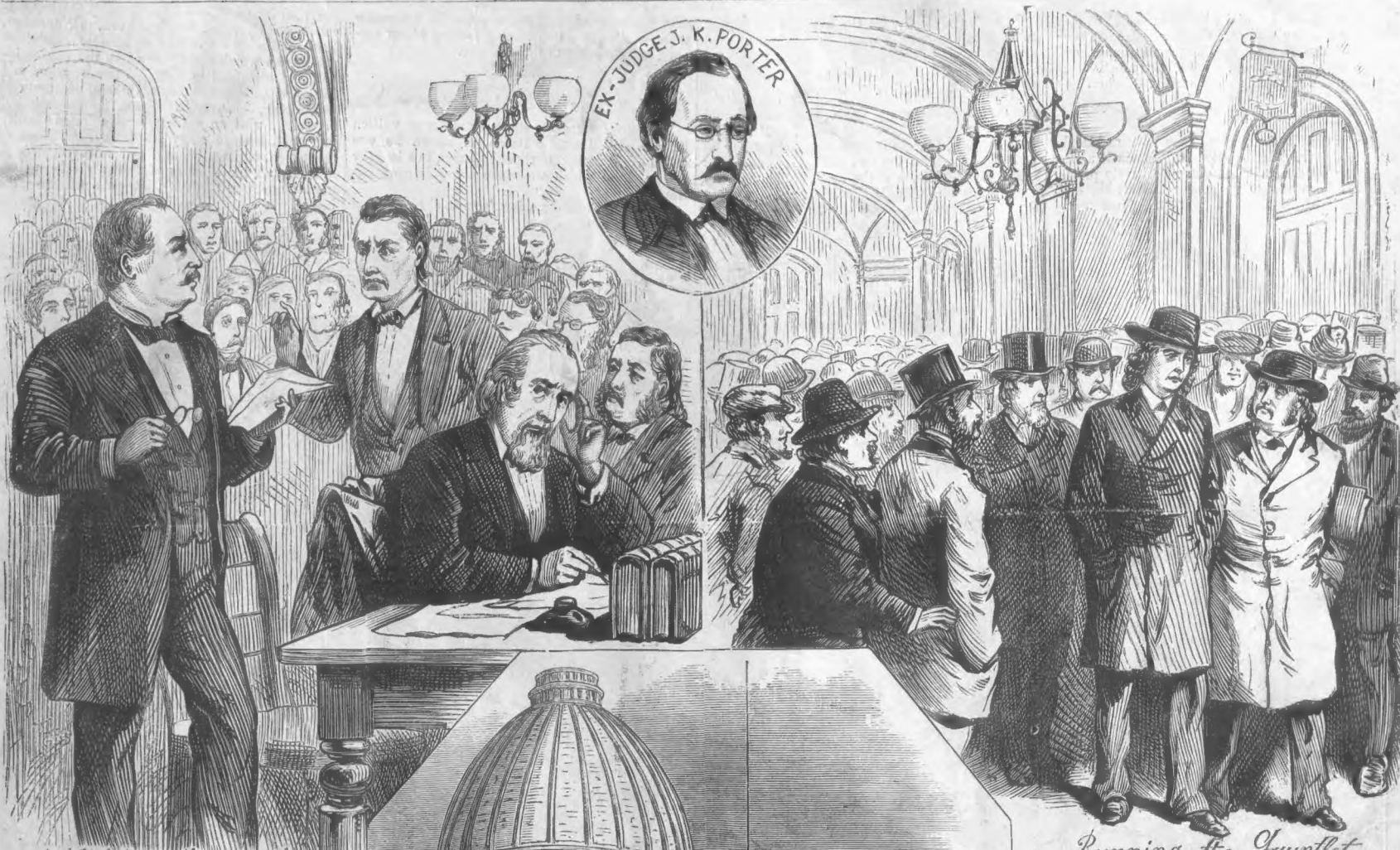
Elizabeth R. Tilton is the daughter of ex-Judge Morse. She is about thirty-five years of age, has a lean, sallow face, and is not pretty, although very engaging in her manners. Henry Ward Beecher married her to Theodore Tilton. She is now under the protecting wing of Plymouth Church,

sequence, sufficient to explain the documentary evidence which follows.

After I had been for fifteen years a member of Plymouth Church, and had become meanwhile an intimate friend of the pastor, knowledge came to me in 1870 that he had committed against me an offense which I forbear to name or characterize. Prompted by my self-respect, I immediately and for ever ceased my attendance on his ministry. I informed him of this determination as early as January, 1871, in the presence of a mutual friend, Mr. Francis D. Moulton.

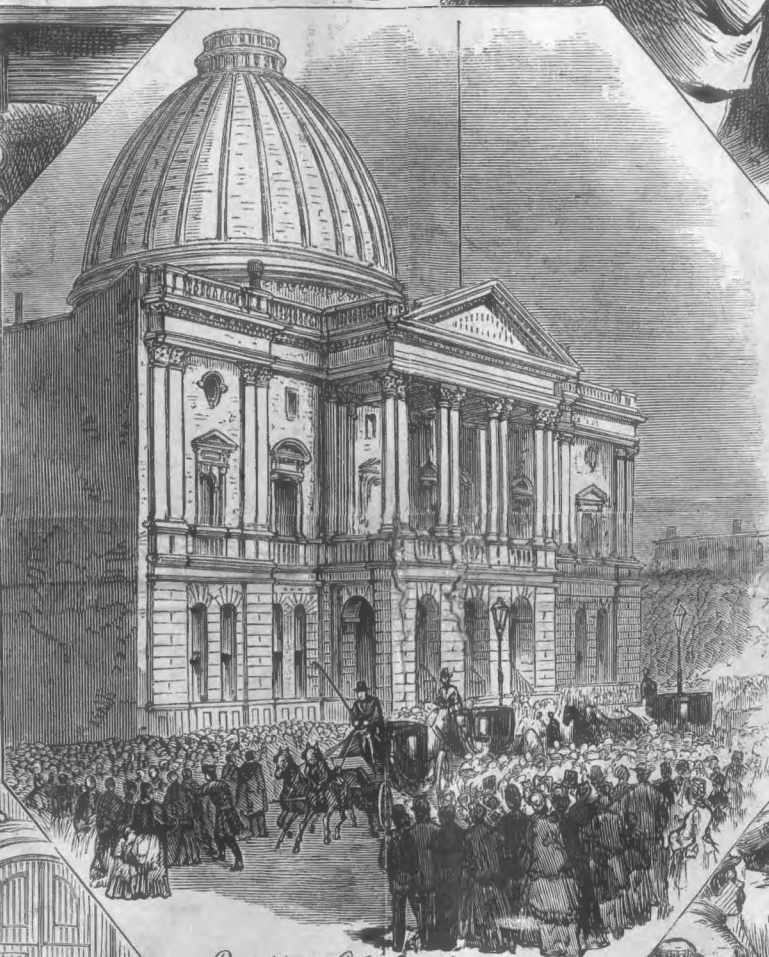
At length, after many calumnious whisperings

In May, 1873, occurred the surreptitious publication of a tripartite agreement signed by H. C. Bowen, H. W. Beecher, and myself—an agreement which, so far as I was concerned, had for its object to pledge me to silence against using or circulating charges which Mr. Bowen had made against Mr. Beecher. This covenant, as originally written, would have bound me never to speak, not only of Mr. Bowen's, but also of my own, personal grievances against Mr. Beecher. I refused to sign the original paper. My position in the amended paper was this: Mr. Bowen had made grave charges against Mr. Beecher. These charges Mr. Bowen



A tilt between the counsel.

Running the Gauntlet.



Brooklyn City Court.



After the adjournment



"There's Mrs. Tilton"



A Family Group.



THE PROMINENT FACES TO BE SEEN DAILY AT THE GR AT TR L.



EXCITEMENT AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, AUGUST 28TH, 1874.—MR. MOULTON PURSUED BY THE MOB.

had been induced to recall in writing. I cheerfully agreed never to circulate the charges which Mr. Bowen had recalled.

In August, 1873, Mr. William F. West, a member of Plymouth Church, came to my residence and told me that he (Mr. W.) meant to cite me before the church on the charge of circulating scandals against the pastor; declaring that Mr. Beecher had acted as if the reported scandalous tales were true, rather than false.

To my surprise and indignation, I learned on the morning of October 31st, 1873, that the report which was to be presented at the church meeting was to be held that evening would not be in the simple form already indicated, but would declare that whereas I had been charged with slandering the pastor; and whereas I had been cited before the church to meet the charge; and whereas I had pleaded non-membership as an excuse for not appearing for trial: therefore, resolved that I should be dropped, etc.

This led me to appear in person at the church on that evening, there to await the reading of the forthcoming report.

After the public reading of the report, I arose in the meeting, and said, in Mr. Beecher's presence, that if I had slandered him I would answer for it to his face. To which he replied, in an equally public manner, that he had no charge whatever to make against me.

Mr. Beecher Wants to be Examined.

BROOKLYN, June 27th, 1874.

"GENTLEMEN: In the present state of the public feeling, I owe it to my friends, and to the church and society over which I am pastor, to have some proper investigation made of the rumors, insinuations, or charges made respecting my conduct, as compromised by the late publication made by Mr. Tilton.

"I have thought that both the Church and society should be represented, and I take the liberty of asking the following gentlemen to serve in this inquiry, and to do that which truth and justice may require. I beg that each of the gentlemen named will consider this letter as if it had been separately and personally sent to him, namely:

"From the church—Henry W. Sage, Augustus Storrs, Henry M. Cleveland.

"From the society—Horace B. Clafin, John Winslow, S. V. White.

"I desire you, when you have satisfied yourselves by an impartial and thorough examination of all sources of evidence, to communicate to the examining committee or to the church such action as may then seem to you right and wise.

HENRY WARD BEECHER."

This action was approved by the Examining Committee of the church, and the gentlemen named were formally authorized to act as a committee on its behalf, and report the result of their inquiry for its information and further action.

Tilton's Affidavit Containing the Famous Letters.

Whereas, The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has instigated the appointment of a committee, consisting of six members of his church and society, to inquire and report upon alleged aspersions upon his character by Theodore Tilton; and, whereas,

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, formerly the wife of Mr. Tilton, has openly deserted her home in order to co-operate with Mr. Beecher in a conspiracy to overthrow the credibility and good-repute of her late husband, as a man and citizen; therefore, Theodore Tilton being thus authorized and required, and by the published demand made upon him by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and being now and hereafter released by act of Mrs. Tilton from further responsibility for concealment of the truth touching her relations with Mr. Beecher—therefore Theodore Tilton hereby sets forth, under solemn oath, the following facts and testimony:

I. That on the 2d day of October, 1855, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a marriage between Theodore Tilton and Elizabeth R. Richards was performed by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which marriage, thirteen years afterward, was dishonored and violated by this clergyman through the criminal seduction of this wife and mother, as hereinafter set forth.

II. That for a period of about fifteen years, extending both before and after this marriage, an intimate friendship existed between Theodore Tilton and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which friendship was cemented to such a degree that in consequence thereof the subsequent dishonoring by Mr. Beecher of his friend's wife was a crime of uncommon wrongfulness and perfidy.

III. That about nine years ago, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher began, and thereafter continued, a friendship with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, for whose native delicacy and extreme religious sensibility he often expressed to her husband a high admiration; visiting her from time to time for years, until the year 1870, when, for reasons hereinafter stated, he ceased such visits; during which period, by many tokens and attentions, he won the affectionate love of Mrs. Tilton; whereby, after long moral resistance by her, and after repeated assaults by him upon her mind with overmastering arguments, accomplished the possession of her person, maintaining with her thenceforward during the period hereinafter stated the relation called criminal intercourse, this relation being regarded by her during that period as not criminal or morally wrong—such had been the power of his arguments as a clergyman to satisfy her religious scruples against such violation of virtue and honor.

IV. That on the evening of October 10th, 1868, or thereabouts, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton held an interview with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at his residence, she being then in a tender state of mind, owing to the recent death and burial of a young child; and during this interview an act of criminal intercourse took place between this pastor and this parishioner, the motive on her part being, as hereinbefore stated, not regarded by her at the time criminal or wrong; which act was followed by a similar act of criminality between these same parties at Mr. Tilton's residence, during a pastoral visit paid by Mr. Beecher to her on the subsequent Saturday evening, followed also by other similar acts on various occasions from the Autumn of 1868 to the Spring of 1870, the places being the two residences aforesaid, and occasionally other places to which her pastor would invite and accompany her, or at which he would meet her by previous appointment; these acts of wrong being on her part, from first to last, not wanton or consciously wicked, but arising through a blinding of her moral perceptions, occasioned by the powerful influence exerted on her mind at that time to this end by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as her trusted religious preceptor and guide.

Mr. Beecher's Denial.

On July 22nd, 1874, Mr. Beecher published an explicit denial of the charge preferred against him by Theodore Tilton. He says:

"I do not propose to analyze and contest at this time the extraordinary paper of Mr. Tilton; but there are two allegations which I cannot permit to pass without special notice. They refer to the only two incidents which Mr. Tilton pretends to have witnessed personally—the one an alleged scene in my house while looking over engravings; and the other, a chamber scene in his own house. His statements concerning these are absolutely false. Nothing of the kind ever occurred, nor any semblance of any such things. They are now brought to my notice for the first time.

"To every statement which connects me dishonorably with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, or which in anywise would impugn the honor and purity of this beloved Christian woman, I give the most explicit, comprehensive, and solemn denial."

Mrs. Tilton's Statement.

On the next day, July 23rd, 1874, Mrs. Tilton rushed into printing-ink with a lofty denial. She says:

"The implication that the harmony of the home was unbroken till Mr. Beecher entered it as a frequent guest and friend is a lamentable satire upon the household where he himself, years before, laid the corner-stone of Free Love, and desecrated its altars up to the time of my departure; so that the atmosphere was not only godless but impure for my children. And in the effort and throes of agony I would fain lift my daughters and all womanhood from the insidious and diabolical teachings of these latter days. His frequent efforts to prove me insane, weak-minded, insignificant, of mean presence, all rank in the category of heartlessness, selfishness and falsehood, having its climax in his present endeavor to convince the world that I am, or ever have been, unable to distinguish between an innocent or guilty love.

"In summing up the whole matter, I affirm myself before God to be innocent of the crime laid upon me; that never have I been guilty of adultery with Henry Ward Beecher in thought or deed; nor has he ever offered to me an indecorous or improper proposal."

Tilton's Examination before the Investigating Committee of Plymouth Church.

At this examination nearly every charge made by Mr. Tilton was inquired into, and much light was thrown upon each. Although much of the matter is immaterial to the issue, all of it is interesting, and the result of the whole is a remarkable and painful picture of social life and human nature. Mr. Tilton in this examination affirmed that his wife had confessed her guilt to her mother, Mrs. Judge Morse, as well as to himself. Mrs. Morse has appeared before the Committee and sworn to the contrary, stating that her daughter had come to her only with representations of her sufferings in consequence of the irreligious character of her husband's chosen associates.

Mr. Tilton was examined at three sessions of the Investigating Committee. The first session was devoted mainly to explanations of his business troubles with Mr. Bowen, a consultation with the Rev. Dr. Storrs, and the circumstances under which the apology was made by Mr. Beecher, and the "tripartite compact" was signed. On the second day the examination was more pointed, and covered all the essential allegations in his statement. At the third session the letters from Mrs. Tilton, which had been quoted in his statement, were examined. The other letters which he has cited are, as he claims, in the hands of Mr. Moulton.

The examination in reference to the library and bedchamber scenes was extremely severe. In the former in touch the single impropriety was Mr. Beecher's touching Mrs. Tilton's ankle as they

were sitting on the floor looking at engravings. It was merely a suspicion that was soon blotted out of his mind, and he did not attach any importance to it after an explanation had been made. The apartment in which he found his wife and Mr. Beecher with the door locked communicated with a sitting-room by sliding-doors. For aught he knew they had gone into the sitting-room from the hall and thence into the bedroom. Mrs. Tilton explained that the children were noisy and she had locked the door. He was satisfied with the explanation, which he thought was entirely reasonable. In the sitting-room intimate friends of the family were always received, and he would not have thought anything of the circumstances if the door had not been locked; and, indeed, it was opened without hesitation.

He claims to have no personal knowledge of the truth of the criminal charges which he makes, save from her own lips. Six months after she had made the confession he remarked to Mr. Bowen that Mr. Beecher "had been unhandsome in his approaches to Mr. Tilton." Just before this Mrs. Tilton had intimated to him that Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Morse were conspiring to injure his business prospects, and he knew that Mr. Bowen wished to make a change in the editorship of his papers. Mrs. Tilton was hastily summoned from her mother's house, and as she was afraid that "the collision would extend to Mr. Beecher," she wished to make peace with him. Hence she wrote a letter to him, and the interview was brought about at Mr. Moulton's house, and Mr. Beecher was informed that Mrs. Tilton had made a confession implicating him. At this interview Mr. Moulton was not present. Mr. Tilton told Mr. Beecher what Mrs. Tilton had confessed, and only a few words passed between the three men. No stress seems to be laid upon the paper containing the points of her confession. The apology which Mr. Beecher gave to Mr. Moulton was written on several sheets of legal cap, and the last sentence and the signature in Mr. Beecher's hand are at the bottom, apart from the body of the retraction. One of the other letters from Mr. Beecher, quoted in his statement, he admits, is not given in full, and all of them are given from short-hand notes taken by himself while Mr. Moulton was reading them to him. The consultation with Dr. Storrs is a new element in the case. At this interview it was represented that Mr. Beecher had used improper language to Mrs. Tilton, and the apology was cited as a proof that Mr. Beecher had acted dishonorably. As Mr. Tilton claims, he misstated the case to Dr. Storrs in order to get correct counsel. Mr. Beecher, when this written statement was shown to him, sighed and refused to sign it, and Mr. Tilton tore it in pieces. Mr. Wilkeson's testimony in reference to the circumstances under which the "tripartite agreement" was signed, he claims, is incorrect in important particulars.

Tilton's Arrest for Libel.

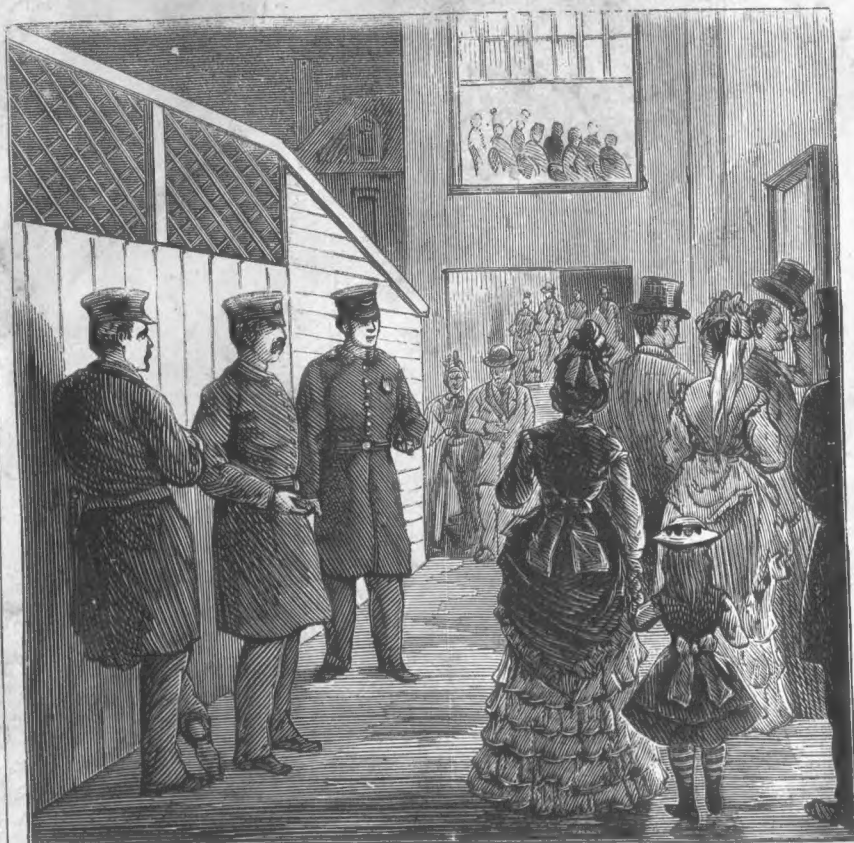
On the morning of Tuesday, July 28th, the town was startled by the news that Theodora Tilton had been arrested, and taken before Judge Riley, of Brooklyn, on a charge of libeling the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Inquiry developed the fact that a man named William J. Gayne, who is a reporter on the Brooklyn Argus, and said to be a great admirer of General Butler, had caused the arrest of Mr. Tilton. But the case frittered away into nothingness.

Report of an Interview with Mrs. Stanton.

The following is a rehashing of the Susan B. Anthony story, which is chiefly remarkable for its contradiction of Tilton's own indictment:

An Argus reporter called on Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton at her residence in Tenafly, N. J., for the purpose of eliciting facts in the great scandal.

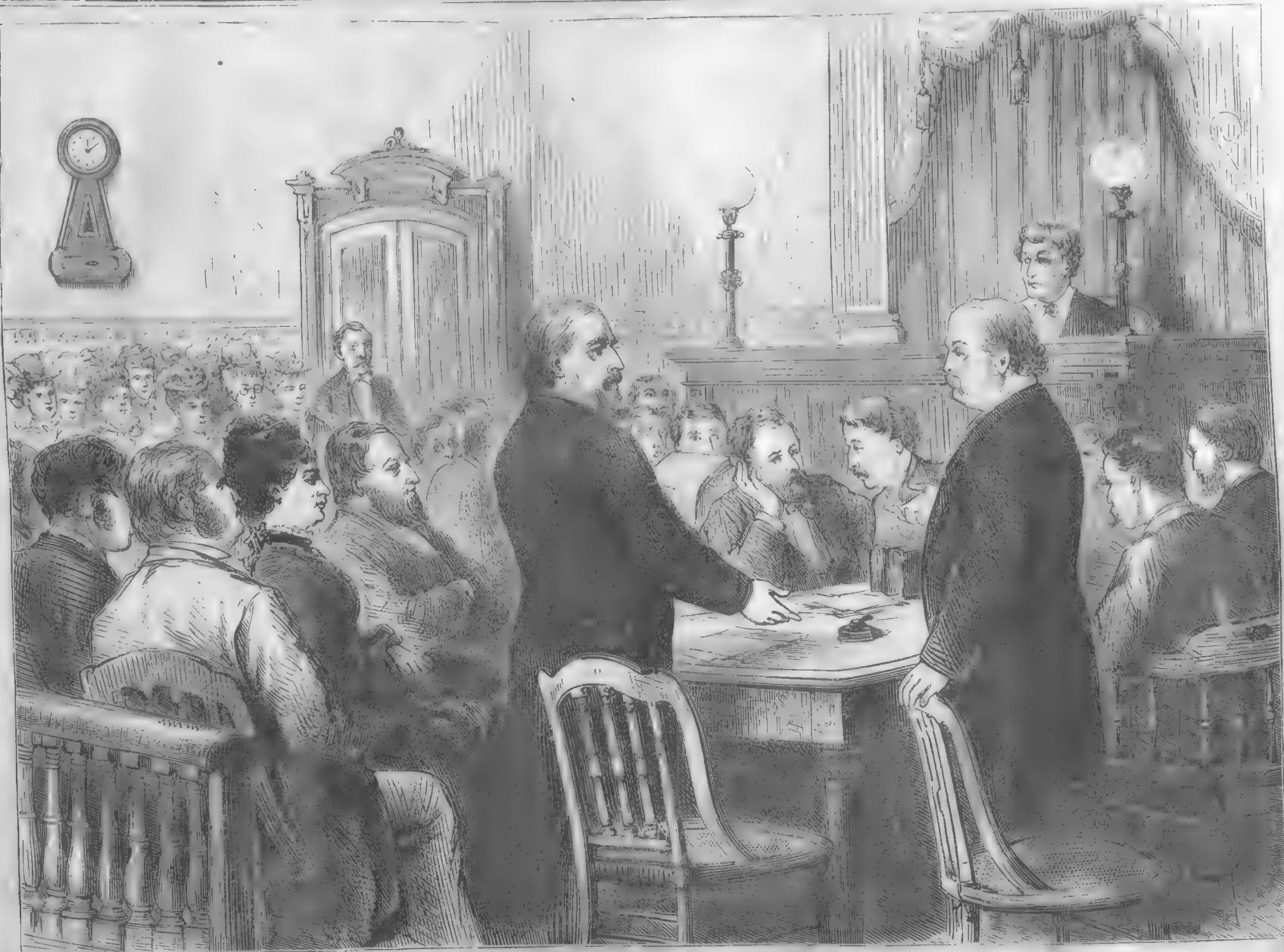
"I am perfectly willing to be interviewed," remarked the lady, with a smile.



A SCENE AT ONE OF THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH FRIDAY EVENING PRAYER MEETINGS.—THE POLICE ON DUTY IN THE PASSAGE WAY.



ANOTHER DAY AT THE BEECHER-TILTON TRIAL—SOME SALIENT SKETCHES BY OUR ARTIST IN ATTENDANCE.—SEE PAGE 2.



THE PROCTOR-MOULTON SUIT IN THE UNITED STATES COURT.—SCENE, DECEMBER 9th, 1874, WHEN THE SUIT WAS DISCONTINUED BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

"Tell me when you first heard of the affair, Mrs. Stanton?"

"I have a shocking poor memory for dates, and will, therefore, not endeavor to fix the exact time; I think, however, it was a year before Mrs. Woodhull published her statement that I knew of the matter. Not all the details, you understand, which have since come to light, but the story in substance."

"And are you willing to tell in what manner you came possessed of this knowledge?"

"Certainly. Some time—I think it was in the Fall of the year, though I won't be positive—while Mrs. Bullard was still connected with the *Revolution*, Susan B. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Bullard and myself were in Brooklyn together. It was afternoon, and after calling at the office of the *Revolution*, Mr. Tilton and myself accompanied Mrs. Bullard to her residence, and remained to dinner. Through some misunderstanding, Miss Anthony went with Mrs. Tilton and dined with her, instead of us. There was some feeling on the part of Mr. Tilton in regard to this, although it was quite unintentional on my part. Well, at the table—no one was present but Mrs. Bullard, Mr. Tilton, and myself—Theodore told the whole story of his wife's faithlessness. As I before observed, he did not go into the details; but the sum and substance of the whole matter he related in the hearing of Mrs. Bullard and myself. We were reformers. He gave us the story as a phase of social life."

"This was the first you had heard of it?"

"This was the first. The next evening, hearing that Miss Anthony was a little piqued at me for leaving her on the day before, I returned to my home here in Tenafly. To my surprise, I found Susan awaiting my arrival. That evening, when we were alone, I said to her:

"Theodore related a very strange story to Mrs. Bullard and me last evening."

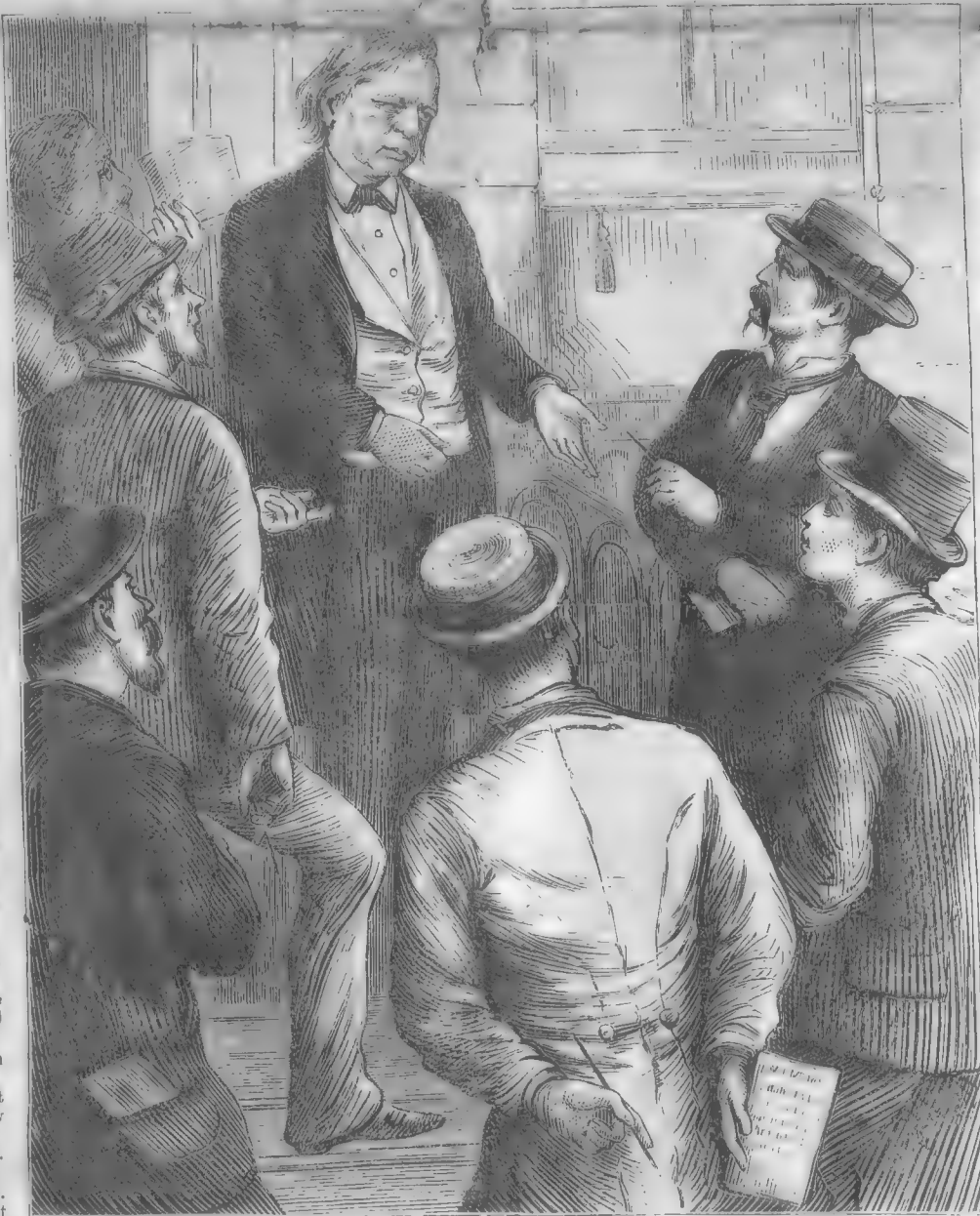
"Then I recounted to her all that he had told us. Miss Anthony listened attentively to the end. Then she said:

"I have heard the same story from Mrs. Tilton."

"We compared notes, and found that by both man and wife the same story had, indeed, been told."

"What were the particulars of Mrs. Tilton's confession?"

"I will tell you how it was made. When Mr. Tilton returned home that evening, some angry words—growing out of the separation in the afternoon—passed between him and his wife. Both



AN EVERY-NIGHT SCENE LAST SUMMER AT MR BEECHER'S RESIDENCE—BESIEGED BY REPORTERS.

became intensely excited. In the heat of the passion, and the presence of Miss Anthony, each confessed to the other of having broken the marriage vow. In the midst of these startling disclosures, Miss Anthony withdrew to her room. Shortly after, Mrs. Tilton came dashing up the stairs, and Mr. Tilton followed close after. She flung open her bedroom-door, and Elizabeth rushed in. The door was then closed and bolted. Theodore pounded on the outside and demanded admittance, but Miss Anthony refused to turn the key. So intense was his passion at that moment, that she feared he might kill his wife if he gained access to the room. Several times he returned to the door and angrily demanded that it be opened.

"No woman shall stand between me and my wife," he said.

"But Susan, who is as courageous as she is noble, answered him with the words: 'If you enter this room it will be over my dead body!'

"And so the infuriated man ceased his demands and withdrew. Mrs. Tilton remained with Susan throughout the night. In the excitement of the hour, amid sobs and tears, she told all to Miss Anthony. The whole story of her own faithlessness, of Mr. Beecher's course, of her deception, and of her anguish, fell upon the ears of Susan B. Anthony, and were spoken by the lips of Mrs. Tilton. The next morning Mr. Tilton told Susan never to enter his house again. She told him she should enter whenever she chose; but I believe she did not go there again."

"By Mr. Tilton's cross-examination," observed the reporter, "it appears that Mrs. Tilton was far from friendly to Miss Anthony. If such were the case, how could she have made this confession to her?"

"On the contrary," replied Mrs. E. C. Stanton, "Tilton thought a great deal of Miss Anthony, of Mrs. Bullard, and all those ladies. I was very intimate with her before Mrs. Woodhull's thunderbolt. At the time of our first knowledge of the affair, Mr. Wilkeson also heard of it. He besought the ladies not to make it public. To him it was a matter of money. He was a stockholder in Plymouth Church, in the *Christian Union*, and in the 'Life of Christ.' Now, the destruction of Mr. Beecher would be the destruction of all these. As Mr. Wilkeson expressed it, 'It would knock the 'Life of Christ' higher than a kite.' Hence his concern in keeping the matter secret."

On reading the above statement, Mrs. Tilton simply exclaimed:

"What a pack of lies!"

Mr. Tilton's Insanity.

As Dr. McDONALD, the Medical Director of the Insane Asylum, at Flatbush, L. I., had mentioned that Theodore Tilton's brother died in that institution, or two days after leaving it, several years ago, many people were strengthened in their belief, previously expressed, that Theodore Tilton is himself out of his mind. Mr. Tilton's friends repel the insinuation that he is insane, and those acquainted with the family say that it is ridiculous to suppose that there is any taint of hereditary insanity because his brother died in a lunatic asylum. On the other hand, one of the

Tilton before the Plymouth Church Investigating Committee.

Mr. Tilton appeared before the Plymouth Church Investigating Committee, assembled at the house of Mr. Augustus Storrs, No. 34 Monroe Place, on Monday evening, July 20th, and read a preliminary statement and affidavit of great length. The affidavit is entirely too voluminous to publish, but as it contains the famous letters written by Mr. Beecher—which in themselves constitute the millstone at present hanging about the reverend gentleman's neck—we will give them.

only yourself. I was ready to give him this letter, because he said, with pain, that my letter in your hands addressed to him, dated December 29th, 'had struck him dead, and ended his usefulness.' You and I are pledged to do our best to avoid publicity. God grant a speedy end to all further anxieties.

"Affectionately, ELIZABETH."

Elizabeth Weakens.

DECEMBER 30, 1870.

"Wearied with importunity and weakened by sickness, I gave a letter implicating my friend Henry Ward Beecher, under assurances that that

"[In trust with F. D. Moulton.]

"MY DEAR FRIEND MOULTON—I ask, through you, Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other breasts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead. But others must live to suffer. I will die before any one but myself shall be inculpated. All my thoughts are running out towards my friends, and towards the poor child lying there, and praying, with her folded hands. She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of



THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AT THE DOOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH LECTURE-ROOM DURING THE EXERCISES OF THE FRIDAY EVENING PRAYER-MEETING ON AUGUST 14th, 1874.

Brooklyn papers has given full and conclusive reports of so many cases of insanity in the Tilton family, in the instances of the uncles and other relatives of Theodore Tilton, that the conclusion seems to be almost inevitable that there is a greater or less tendency to madness in his blood. When, in connection with this fact, is taken the circumstance that the Tiltons, in defiance of all the laws of sound physiology, have been for several generations constantly intermarrying with each other, the belief that there is insanity in the family is almost forced upon the observer. At any rate, it were a charity to set Theodore Tilton down as crazy.

Elizabeth Vindicates Beecher.

DECEMBER 30, 1870—Midnight.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I desire to leave with you, before going to bed, a statement that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher called upon me this evening, and asked me if I would defend him against any accusation in a council of ministers; and I replied, solemnly, that I would in case the accuser was any other person than my husband. He (H. W. B.) dictated a letter, which I copied as my own, to be used by him as against any other accuser except my husband. This letter was designed to vindicate Mr. Beecher against all other persons save

would remove all difficulties between me and my husband. That letter I now revoke. I was persuaded to it—almost forced—when I was in a weakened state of mind. I regret it, and recall all its statements.

E. R. TILTON.

"I desire to say explicitly, Mr. Beecher has never offered any improper solicitation, but has always treated me in a manner becoming a Christian and a gentleman.

"ELIZABETH R. TILTON."

Mr. Beecher's Apology.

The apology which Mr. Beecher dictated to Mr. Moulton was as follows:

another. Her forgiveness I have. I humbly pray to God to put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me. I have trusted this to Moulton in confidence.

H. W. BEECHER.

In the above document, the last sentence and the signature are in the handwriting of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Elizabeth Communes with a Friend.

"174 LIVINGSTON ST., BROOKLYN, Jan. 5, 1871.
"DEAR FRIEND—A cruel conspiracy has been formed against my husband, in which my mother and Mrs. Beecher have been the chief actors. * *
"Yours truly, ELIZABETH R. TILTON."

Theodore Writes to Moulton.

"BROOKLYN, February 7, 1871.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—In several conversations with you, you have asked about my feelings toward Mr. Beecher; and yesterday you said the time had come when you would like to receive from me an expression of this kind in writing. I say, therefore, very cheerfully, that, notwithstanding the great suffering which he has caused to Elizabeth and myself, I bear him no malice, shall do him no wrong, shall discountenance every project (by whomsoever proposed) for any exposure of his secret to the public, and (if I know myself at all) shall endeavor to act towards Mr. Beecher as I would have him in similar circumstances act toward me. I ought to add that your own good offices in this case have led me to a higher moral feeling than I might otherwise have reached.

"Ever yours, affectionately, THEODORE.
"To Frank Moulton."

Mr. Beecher sends Mr. Moulton a Book.

"FEBRUARY 7th, 1871.

"MR. DEAR FRIEND MOULTON—I am glad to send you a book, etc. * * * Many, many friends has God raised up to me, but to no one of them has He ever given the opportunity and the wisdom so to serve me as you have. You have also proved Theodore's friend, and Elizabeth's. Does God look down from Heaven on three unhappy creatures that more need a friend than these? Is it not an intimation of God's intent of mercy to all that each one of these has in you a tried and proved friend? But only in you are we thus united. Would to God, who orders all hearts, that by His kind mediation, Theodore, Elizabeth, and I could be made friends again. Theodore will have the hardest task in such a case; but has he not proved himself capable of the noblest things? I wonder if Elizabeth knows how generously he has carried himself toward me. Of course I can never speak with her again, without his permission, and I do not know that, even then, it would be best."

By Theodore's Permission Mr. Beecher Writes to Mrs. Tilton.

"BROOKLYN, February 7th, 1871.

"MY DEAR MRS. TILTON—When I saw you last, I did not expect ever to see you again, or to be alive many days. God was kinder to me than were my own thoughts. The friend whom God sent to me, Mr. Moulton, has proved, above all friends that I ever had, able and willing to help me in this terrible emergency of my life. His hand it was that tied up the storm that was so ready to burst on our heads. You have no friend (Theodore excepted) who has it in his power to serve you so vitally, and who will do it with such delicacy and honor. It does my sore heart good to see in Mr. Moulton an unfeigned respect and honor for you. It would kill me if I thought otherwise. He will be as true a friend to your honor and happiness as a brother could be to a sister's. In him we have a common ground. You and I may meet in him. The past is ended. But is there no future? No wiser, higher, holier future? May not this friend stand as a priest in the new sanctuary of reconciliation, and mediate and bless Theodore and my most unhappy self? Do not let my earnestness fail of its end. You believe in my judgment. I have put myself wholly and gladly in Moulton's hand. And there I must meet you. This is sent with Theodore's consent, but he has not read it. Will you return it to me by his own hand? I am very earnest in this for all our sakes, as such a letter ought not to be submitted to even a chance of miscarriage. Your unhappy friend,
H. W. BEECHER."

Mrs. Tilton tells Theodore that her Eyes have been Opened.

"SCHOHARIE, June 29, 1871.

"MY DEAR THEODORE—To-day, through the ministry of Catharine Gaunt, a character of fiction, my eyes have been opened for the first time in my experience, so that I see clearly my sin. It was, when I knew that I was loved, to suffer it to grow to a passion. A virtuous woman should check instantly an absorbing love. But it appeared to me in such false light. That the love I felt and received could harm no one, not even you, I have believed unfalteringly, until 4 o'clock this afternoon, when the heavenly vision dawned upon me. I see now, as never before, the wrong I have done you, and hasten immediately to ask your pardon, with a penitence so sincere that henceforth (if reason remains) you may trust me implicitly. Oh, my dear Theodore, though your opinions are not restful or congenial to my soul, yet my own integrity and purity are a sacred and holy thing to me. Bless God with me, for Catharine Gaunt, and for all the sure leadings of an All Wise and loving Providence. Yes, now I feel quite prepared to renew my marriage vow with you, to keep it as the Saviour requireth, who looketh at the eye and the heart. Never before could I say this. When you yearn toward me with true feeling, be assured of the tried, purified, and restored love of
ELIZABETH."

Several Cushes from Elizabeth.

"JULY 4, 1871.

"Oh, my dear husband, may you never need the discipline of being misled by a good woman, as I was by a good man."

(No date.)

"I would mourn greatly if my life was to be made known to father. His head would be bowed indeed to the grave."

(No date.)

"Do you think my ill-health is on account of my sin and its discovery? My sins and life-record I have carried to my Saviour. No; my prostration is owing to the suffering I have caused you."

The Woodhull's First Threat.

"NEW YORK, May 20, 1871.

"I know of one man, a public teacher of eminence, who lives in concubinage with the wife of another public teacher of almost equal eminence. All three concur in denouncing offenses against morality. I shall make it my business to analyze some of these lives. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL."

Thomas K. goes back on Henry Ward.

"ELMIRA, Nov. 5th, 1873.

"Mrs. Woodhull only carries out Henry's philosophy, against which I recorded my protest twenty years ago."

Mr. Beecher tells Moulton about that last Sunday.

(No date.)

"MY DEAR FRANK—I am determined to make no more resistance. Theodore's temperament is such that the future, even if temporarily earned, would be absolutely worthless, and rendering me liable at any hour of the day to be obliged to stultify all the devices by which we saved ourselves. It is only fair that he should know that the publication of the card which he proposes would leave him worse off than before. The agreement [viz., the 'tripartite covenant'] was made after my letter through you to him [viz., the 'apology'] was written. He had had it a year. He had condoned his wife's fault. He had enjoined upon me, with the utmost earnestness and solemnity, not to betray his wife, nor leave his children to a blight * * * With such a man as T. T. there is no possible salvation for any that depend upon him. With a strong nature, he does not know how to govern it. There is no use in trying further. I have a strong feeling upon me, and it brings great peace, that I am spending my last Sunday and preaching my last sermon."

Oliver Johnson asks Theodore to draw it mild.

"NO. 128 E. TWELFTH ST., JUNE 4th, 1873.

"MY DEAR THEODORE—May I tell you frankly that when I saw you last you did not seem to me to be the noble young man who inspired my warm affection so many years ago? You were yielding to an act which I could not help thinking would be dishonorable and perfidious, and although it is easy for me to make every allowance for the circumstances that had wrought you in such a frenzy, I was dreadfully shocked. My dear Theodore, let me, as an old friend whose heart is wrung by your terrible sufferings and sorrow, tell you that you were then acting ignobly, and that you can never have true peace of mind till you conquer yourself and dismiss all purpose and thought of injuring the man who has wronged you. Of all the promises our lips can frame, none are so sacred as those we make to those who have injured us, and whom we have professed to forgive, and they are sacred just in proportion as their violation would work injury to those to whom they are made. You cannot paint too blackly the wrongs you have suffered. On that point I make no plea in abatement, but I beg you to remember that nothing can change the law which makes forgiveness noble and God-like. I have prayed for you night and day, with strong crying and tears, beseeching God to restrain you from wronging yourself by violating your solemn engagements. To night I am happy in the thought that you have been preserved from committing the act which I so much dreaded."

A Letter which Beecher wrote to Moulton for Tilton to see.

"NO MAN can see the difficulties that environ me unless he stands where I do. To say that I have a church on my hands is simple enough, but to have the hundreds and thousands of men pressing me, each one with his keen suspicion or anxiety or zeal; to see the tendencies which, if not stopped, would break out into a ruinous defense of me; to stop them without seeming to do it; to prevent any one questioning me; to meet and allay prejudices against T. which had their beginning years before; to keep serene as if I were not alarmed or disturbed; to be cheerful at home and among friends when I was suffering the torments of the damned; to pass sleepless nights often, and yet to come up fresh and fair for Sunday—all this may be talked about, but the real thing cannot be understood from the outside, nor its wearing and grinding on the nervous system."

Mr. Beecher tel's Mr. Moulton that he is willing to step down and out.

"If my destruction would place him [Mr. Tilton] all right, that shall not stand in the way. I am willing to step down and out. No one can offer more than that. That I do offer. Sacrifice me without hesitation if you can clearly see your way to his safety and happiness thereby. In one point of view, I could desire the sacrifice on my part. Nothing can possibly be so bad as the power of great darkness in which I spend much of my time. I look upon death as sweeter far than any friend I have in the world. Life would be pleasant if I could see that rebuilt which is shattered. But to live on the sharp and ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, fear, despair, and yet to put on an appearance of serenity and happiness, cannot be endured much longer. I am well nigh discouraged. If you cease to trust me, to love me, I am alone. I do not know any person in the world to whom I could go."

Elizabeth thinks Theodore is like Christ.

"TUESDAY MORNING, January 28th, 1868.

"MY BELOVED—Don't you know the peculiar phase of Christ's character as a lover is so precious to me because of my consecration and devotion to you? I learn to love you from my love to Him. I have learned to love Him from loving you. I couple you with Him. Nor do I feel it one whit irreverent. And as every day I adorn myself, consciously, as a bride to meet her bridegroom, so in like manner I lift imploring hands that my soul's love may be prepared. I, with the little girls, after you left us, with overflowing eyes and hearts, consecrated ourselves to our work and to you. My rising thoughts this morning were of you. I bless you; I honor you; I love you. God sustain us, and help us both to keep our vows."

And She also Loves Him.

"SATURDAY EVENING, February 1st, 1868.

"Oh, well I know, as far as I am capable, I love you. Now, to keep this fire high and generous is the ideal before me. I am only perfectly contented and restful when you are with me. These latter months I have thought, looked and yearned for the hour when you would be at home, with longings unutterable."

And Wants to Bring him Something.

"MONDAY, Feb. 3d, 1868—9 o'clock, A.M.

"What may I bring to my beloved this bright morning? A large throbbing heart full of love, single in its aim and purpose, to bless and cheer him. Is it acceptable, sweet one?"

She will always be Faithful.

"MONDAY MORNING, Feb. 24, 1868.

"Do you wonder that I couple your love, your presence, and relation to me with the Saviour? I lift you up sacredly, and keep you in that exalted and holy place where I reverence, respect and love you with the fervency of my whole being. What-ever capacity I have I offer it to you. The closing lines of your letter are these words: 'I shall hardly venture again upon a great friendship—your love shall be enough for the remaining days.' That word 'enough' seems a stoicism on which you have resolved to live your life—but I pray God he will supply you with friendships pure, and with wifely love which your great heart demands, withholding but Himself as the Chief Love which consumeth not though it burn, and whose effects are always perfect rest and peace. Again, in one of your letters, you close with 'Faithfully yours.' That word 'faithful' means a great deal. Yes, darling, I believe it, trust it, and give you the same surety with regard to myself. I am faithful to you, have been always, and shall for ever be, world without end. Call not this assurance impious; there are some things we know. Blessed be God."

Two Charming Letters from Elizabeth to Theodore.

"HOME, February 20th, 1868, }

"Saturday Evening."

"Ah, did ever man ever love so grandly as my beloved? Other friendships, public affairs, all 'fall to naught' when I come to you. Though you are in Decatur to-night, yet I have felt your love, and am very grateful for it. I had not received a line since Monday, and was so hungry and lonesome that I took out all your letters and indulged myself as at a feast, but without satiety. And now I long to pour out into your heart of my abundance. I am conscious of three jets to the fountain of my soul—to the Great Lover and yourself—to whom as one I am eternally wedded; my children; and the dear friends who trust and love me. I do not want another long separation. While we are in the flesh let us abide together."

"SATURDAY MORNING, March, 1868.

"Oh, how almost perfectly could I minister to you this Winter, my heart glows so perpetually! I am conscious of great inward awakening toward you. If I live, I shall teach my children to begin their loves where now I am. I cannot conceive of anything more delicious than a life consecrated to a faithful love. I insist that I miss you more than you do me, but soon I shall see my beloved."

"YOUR OWN DEAR WIFE."

Never Sought a Separation.

"174 LIVINGSTON ST., BROOKLYN, }

"January 4th, 1871."

"Mr. Francis D. Moulton:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—In regard to your question whether I have ever sought a separation from my husband, I indignantly deny that such was ever the fact, as I have denied it a hundred times before. The story that I wanted a separation was a deliberate falsehood, coined by my poor mother, who said she would bear the responsibility of this and other statements she might make, and communicated to my husband's enemy, Mrs. H. W. Beecher, and by her communicated to Mr. Bowen. I feel outraged by the whole proceeding, and am now suffering in consequence more than I am able to bear."

I am yours, very truly,

"ELIZABETH R. TILTON."

Affidavit of F. B. Carpenter.

"HOMER, N. Y., July 18, 1874.

"On Sunday, June 1st, 1873, two days after the surreptitious publication of the tripartite covenant between H. W. Beecher, H. C. Bowen and Theodore Tilton, I walked with Mr. Beecher from Plymouth Church to the residence of Mr. F. D. Moulton, in Remsen Street. On the way to Mr. Moulton's house, Mr. Beecher said to me that if Mr. Tilton would stand by him, he would share his fame, his fortune, and everything he possessed with him [Tilton.] FRANCIS B. CARPENTER."

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 18th day of July, 1874.

WILLIAM T. HICOK, Notary Public.

Some of Mrs. Tilton's Love-letters to Theodore.

THE following are a few of the remarkable love-letters written at intervals during her married life by Mrs. Tilton to Theodore:

"SUNDAY, Feb. 7th, 1864.

"MY BELOVED—I have just finished reading to Emma Lowell's 'Extreme Union,' and the chapter in 'Norwood' of Parson Buell's grief at the death of his wife. It is very touching, and I realized for a moment what that agony must be, the parting at the river between a husband and wife who have truly loved—how inevitable it is! God only can sustain the one who remains, while He enables the one who departs to say, 'I shall be satisfied.'

"Allow me to say, without cant, that God has given me a blessing to-day. He has enabled me to do something for Him, and that conscious privilege overflows my heart utterly. At home He helped me to be patient, willing—yes, glad—to spend myself for others; and in the Bethel, my little room was crowded. The interest increases in my class. They all love me, I feel it, because I, too, love every one. I do, indeed, feel grateful for the encouragement they give me in these new labors. I tell you rather more at length than usual of my work here, because I earnestly wish your sympathy, and to feel free to talk with you of everything in which I'm interested, as in 'auld lang syne.' However imperfect we may appear to each other, yet the dear Lord does not hesitate to

use us. Now, to-night, I give myself to you—my best, my worst—just as I am.' Take me once again into your confidence, bear with my follies as in early days. I consecrate myself to you so long as I shall live, before God this night, as a fitting close of this Sabbath day. Forgive all my infirmities, and help me to overcome to final victory. Wilt thou? So will I you, if you permit. The freedom with which you write of Paul* gives me great pleasure. Then the fountains are unsealed, and we flow together. I talk not so much of him. Yet this mysterious feeling I know which I never before have uttered—a kind of awe or waiting, listening to learn what he will do for me, and an agony of fear at times, lest I should fall by reason of sin—what he could bring. Already, in many things, I am a changed woman, through his precious ministrations. Yet, fearing such a statement may be too positive, let me modify it by a woman changing.

YOUR OWN."

"APRIL 1st, 1866.

"MY BELOVED— . . . This evening I have heard Mr. Beecher in company with A— and L—. There was no recognition between Mr. B. and myself, he leaving directly after service, nor has he called on me. . . . Whenever I hear any inspiring sentiment of poetry or music, my first feeling seeks God, and then you. This my soul knoweth right well. 'Make my name familiar as heaven by your prayers,' you ask. Ah, I do, my sweet, and shall I make confession to you? When I am naughty I cannot abide long without a purging of myself, lest you receive the blessing which I, by my willfulness, am unworthy of, and I cry out, 'Bless me, too, O Lord!' And thus are you evermore my helper. My darling, may God make me worthy to be your wife, in all the largest and broadest meaning of that word, that His name may be magnified through us. Come to me ere another Sabbath night. The benediction of our Saviour rest upon you."

"BROOKLYN, April 6th, 1866.

"You have been patient and uncomplaining, my sweet, in the matter of my writing you. I know not how I should live without your precious daily letter. They do, indeed, feed me. I have even thought I feel your heart in expression toward me as much in your absence as when at home. . . . I am sure you will be unlike most public men—no thing can by any possibility wean you from the dear ones at home, while your wife is faithful and pure. I have an ambition to help you, but 'this kind cometh not but by prayer and fast' 1g."

"FRIDAY NIGHT, Dec. 28th, 1866.

"MY OWN TRUE MATE— . . . I have been thinking of my love for Mr. B. considerably of late, and those thoughts you shall have. I remember Hannah More says, 'My heart in this new sympathy for one abounds toward all.' Now I think I have lived a richer, happier life since I have known him. And have you not loved me more ardently since you saw that another high nature appreciated me? Certain it is, I never in all my life had such rapture of enthusiasm in my love for you—something akin to the birth of another babe, a new fountain opened enriching all—especially toward you, the one being supreme in my soul."

"I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

"It is not possible for any human creature to supersede you in my heart. Above all, you rise grand—highest, best. I praise God that He is teaching me of His great mercy and love, shown by His gift of so great a heart as your own to be mine. For many years I did not realize the blessing. What remorse it brings to me! Memories bitter, awful."

"But to return to Mr. B. He has been the guide of our youth, and, until the three last dreadful years, when our confidence was shaken in him, we trusted him as no other human being. During these early years, the mention of his name, to meet him, or, better still, a visit from him—my cheek would flush with pleasure—an experience common to all his parishioners of both sexes. It is not strange, then, darling, that on a more intimate acquaintance my delight and pleasure should increase. Of course, I realize what attracts you both to me is a supposed purity of soul you find in me. Therefore it is that, never before have I had such wrestlings with God that He would reveal Himself to me, and ever in my ears I hear, 'The pure in heart shall see God.'

"Oh, fulfill this promise unto me, my Lord and my God!"

"Darling husband, I have endeavored to express to you, without cant or any such thing, my true feelings as they appear to me."

Yours, ELIZABETH."

"WEDNESDAY NIGHT, Jan. 2d, 1867.

"MY OWN— . . . What can I say to you, my darling, to cheer you to-night? I think I never chafed so constantly as during this separation. I am so unwilling to be patient until you return, I do nothing well. I used to believe my daily duties would be more promptly and thoroughly performed if I was not interrupted and absorbed by my husband. I have learned better, sweet. Without you I can do nothing. . . . By-by. Your own darling."

"FRIDAY EVENING, January 11th, 1867.

"MY SWEET— . . . You write to-day of the love of two interlocked souls remaining wedded for immortality, and ask whether such love is not more tenderly beautiful than those same souls can possibly feel toward God. Darling, I live in profound wonder and hushed solemnity at this great mystery of soul-loving to which I have awakened the past year. Am I your soul's mate? How few find this pearl of great price in this life! I cannot make myself believe I have capacity to meet your soul's want, though you entirely fill mine. When I look at you I say, 'Yes, my soul is satisfied—our union is perfect.' But when I turn and look at myself as supplying your need I bow my head and pray God to add the needed grace. . . . As to my love toward God, I understand it only as I know my love to you—it is one and inseparable. I learned

* Paul was the dead son of Mr. and Mrs. Tilton.



RESIDENCE OF THEODORE TILTON, No. 174 LIVINGSTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

of God, the Father, as I know my children. I learn of Jesus, as lover of my soul—as I know thee, my lover, husband, friend. Oh, God, lead us! Thou art the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Forgive us if too close we lean
Our human hearts on Thee.

"Good-night."

"SUNDAY EVENING, Jan. 20th, 1867.

"MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND—Oh, cruel fate, that parts us when we yearn for each other! My spirit is not at rest, nor has it been during our separation, although God has ministered constantly and consciously to me as never before in my life; yet I long to show you my love renewed and consecrated as I humbly believe it hath been. Theodore, you know I love you. My heart is so full at this moment, and frequently that I suffer to express it. . . . Above all, my husband, when you are lonely, can I be indifferent? I think not ever again. Ah, my sweet, take the love I offer you, believe in it, to the cheering of your life.

"Is not my supreme wish to be with you? Never doubt it. Nothing but the threatened sickness of myself and children deterred me. . . .

"Your letter expressing great patience toward me, in reference to my finances, came yesterday, also. I thank you with all my heart. You are magnanimous and generous beyond all men. I long to be more entirely what you need. It is the wonder of my life that you are satisfied with me. It is your great goodness, and not in my merit."

"AT YOUR DESK, MONDAY

Jan. 7th, 1867.

"MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND—I find our language very poor in superlatives when I attempt to describe my soul's love. What a delicious way you have of rebuking and teaching me! . . . Pre-tending always that you think I am the loveliest and best of little wives. My bump of approbation is so thoroughly satisfied when you praise me, though it be true or not, I am content. I go singing and light hearted about my work. Every difficulty is straightened, and life is sweet. What a blessing you are to me in every way! You are entirely, ELIZABETH."

"BROOKLYN, THURSDAY MORNING,

Feb. 4, 1869.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED HUSBAND— . . . My darling, I must believe that this beautiful home that you have made for us must have given you a greater amount of satisfaction than we generally secure from earthly labors. . . . I was glad to hear from you in the *Independent* this week. Oliver told me of Mr. Bowen's desire to publish his reply last week to the Methodist assailing. This led to the object of his visit to me, which was to inquire of me the origin of the story told him by a lady from Brooklyn, whose letter you saw before going West. I then told him at length how that he knew himself how I felt years ago regarding him, for I had sought an interview alone with him at the *Standard* office, and all that had passed there I had told Mattie B—; but at present my feelings toward him had changed entirely, because my husband was no longer young, and that very few, indeed, I could not name one whom I thought possible to influence him for harm.

"Besides, I had learned to trust in the friendship of my husband. I realized how sincere his attachment was for you, and believed in it. But I had felt a growing indifference for some time past between him, Oliver, and myself, and, therefore, I have been always more glad to welcome Mary Ann than himself to my house. We had a very frank, conscientious talk, ending by my telling him that I desired with all my soul to feel no ill thought or suspicion toward any human being, and I only wished to live to attain to this. I felt very much better in spirit after it, and think that now we are again in sympathy.

"The reception to Lucretia Mott has fallen through because of that dear old lady's unwillingness to be lionized. . . . Mr. B. does not come as often as in the Fall. His labors are heavy, and

he, too, feels just like work more than for several years past. . . . Farewell. Your darling, ELIZABETH, WIFE."

"TUESDAY EVENING, Feb. 23th, 1869.

"MY BELOVED—This is the last day of Winter. Little Carroll said, as he got into bed to-night, 'Papa will soon be here.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'Spring will certainly come, and I hope in three Sundays more papa will come as surely.' I will go back a little and tell you yesterday's story, a day so full as to crowd out entirely my writing for you. First of all, then, my heart overflowed toward you, because of your generous, kind letter concerning mother. She was quite touched by it, and desired me to give you her thanks for your sympathy. . . . My head and heart have been so full of divorce cases since you left, the difficulty of mother's following on the heels of Mrs. M—k has been a kind of experience of which I have had quite enough. Were I a lawyer, I would certainly change my profession or beg rather than investigate such miseries. . . . Now, my sweet, after so long a tale, let me for our mutual refreshment turn to our own sweet love. I bless God that it abideth. Among the terrible changes of many hearths, God has kept us steadfast with glowing love, admiration, and respect for each other. Oh, let us praise His name for ever. All the differences and misunderstandings we have had are, as Whittier says,

'Like mountain ranges overpast.'

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

"Give me your patience while I spread out before you the fruitage of your beautiful love, like the rare-cut flowers of a bouquet. They are the closing words of your letters, select and precious, reminding me of the soul-stirring benedictions of the Apostle's epistles. Fruit No. 1:

"But among all my losses, I have lost no jot or tittle of ever-increasing love for the sweetest of wives and the fairest of children."

"My heart longs for you to-day."

"Grace, mercy, and peace ever thine."

"You and the chicks, and the house and all, are in my thoughts every day and hour."

"Good-by and all hail."

"With overflowing love, I am, now and ever, yours devotedly."

"I send you now as ever the fervid love of yours devotedly."

"I think you and I are yet to walk in Paradise together."

"I would rather have my wife and children at this moment than all the honors under the sun."

"Every day of my life I love you more and more, and shall unto the end."

"With my whole soul I am yours faithfully."

"If now I had a little personal comforting and petting from the little lady at No. 136, I would be perfectly satisfied."

"But Paul and I keep our companionship. To you, his mother, be God's peace."

"I love you fervently and entirely."

"Blessings on you always."

"Then, fearing that these extreme delights would make a woman mad outright, you have six epistles ending:

"Yours, in dust and ashes."

"Yours doggedly."

"God help your sorrowful and groaning husband!"

"Yours achingly," etc.

"How like you the receiving of a letter from yourself."

"I keep a list of these delicious tit-bits most tenderly, believe it. Thou knowest I love thee. Good-night. WIFE ELIZABETH."

The Escape of Moulton from Plymouth Church.

The full and lengthy report of the Committee was rendered on the evening of August 28, 1874, and was received with cheers and acclamations by

an audience as crowded as the church could hold. When the report was ended, and the last words had died upon the speaker's lips, there arose one long and loud shout of applause, with clapping of hands and stamping of feet, that lasted many minutes.

After the reading of the report, Frank Moulton made his appearance at a side door, declaring to a few friends, his determination to expose some of the contradictions of the report. Soon it became known that Moulton was present, and all were anxious to get a sight of him. While Mr. Raymond was speaking, Moulton made use of a remark which was distinctly understood by those who heard him, to be, "You're a liar."

In an instant a scene of the greatest confusion ensued and many shrieked to "put him out!" Moulton, however, persisted in his right to stay, and said he would not go out—remarked: "I shall stay, in spite of you all; and I won't sit down and be insulted!"

Finally, after much more confusion, Moulton made a movement to leave, when the immense audience made a move to follow Moulton, amid great confusion. He passed out at the side-door, under the charge of two or three friends, and many hundreds followed him in a regular mob. Many blows were aimed at him; but the police made a charge on the crowd, used their clubs freely, and finally, with the aid of his friends, bore him to a carriage bodily, shoved him in, and drove him off rapidly up Orange Street toward Fulton. The departure of the carriage was accompanied by a groan and shout of execration from the mob, and the unruly scene was over.

THE TRIAL.

On Monday, January 4th, 1875, the trial began by the summoning of a panel of five hundred jurors in the City Court of Brooklyn.

Seven days were consumed in obtaining a jury. On Monday, January 4th, ex-Judge Samuel D. Morris made the opening address for the plaintiff. He spoke two days and a half.

Augustus Maverick, managing editor of the *Argus*, was the first witness. His testimony was unimportant.

Then Francis D. Moulton took the stand, and kept it until January 27th, maintaining the most excessive coolness throughout, and foiling Evarts, Tracy, Shearman, and Porter—Beecher's counsel—in their attempts to break him down. His testimony has been published in full in the daily papers. He was followed by Mrs. Mattie A. Bradshaw, and then Wm. F. West, who preferred charges in Plymouth Church against Tilton, was summoned.

Tilton's counsel are ex-Judge Fullerton, ex-Judge Morris, Wm. A. Beach, General Roger A. Pryor.

The following sketch artistically sums up the effect of Mr. Moulton, and gives a fair idea of the points he made. It is from the *World* of Thursday, January 28th: Counsel on both sides were done with Mr. Moulton just before noon yesterday. His various examinations—direct, cross, redirect, and recross—with further brief redirect and recross examinations—have lasted ten court days, lacking one hour—thirty-nine hours in all. For nearly six days, or twenty-four hours, of this time, he was under cross-examination, and as his first cross-examination was closing he was called from the stand to hear of the sudden death of his mother. Judge Neilson yesterday summed it all up when the witness had volunteered a statement that was stricken out, and Mr. Tracy had asked that he be admonished:

"No, sir, because the witness has been here six, eight, ten days, burdened and tortured by both sides, and, therefore, I will not admonish him."

Until his bereavement came, which more than all his service as a witness affected his appearance and manner, Mr. Moulton has preserved, through cross examination as well as direct, a

freshness and readiness that made him a daily surprise to the spectators, professional or lay, at the trial. Under Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Evarts objecting, he said what he had to say—it took three days and an hour to do that—with entire freedom, sparing nobody necessarily connected with the case, making no concealment of his opinion of the defendant. "And he kept," he added, continually, to his answers about Mr. Beecher, till it was expected in the court-room as part of the recital of every interview, and till Mr. Fullerton was incited into asking, "Did he weep this time?" "Yes." "Better state it, then." The witness, in fact, was as much at home and at ease as the experienced gentlemen with whom he had to deal. Two of them he made no scruple of offending, they being hostile counsel and he being about to be delivered over for cross-examination.

In the first hour of cross-examination under Mr. Porter he was irritated a little by questions about the genuineness of his friendship for the defendant, and looked for a moment as if he were becoming angry; but a laugh saved him. Being asked if Mr. Beecher had ever wronged him down to the time when the demand for documents was made, the witness said, with rather a drawl, "I don't know—that he did—except to ask me to lie for him!" This little speech was beautifully delivered, and after that and the laugh that followed, Mr. Porter's questions did not irritate the witness in the least. Mr. Porter, however, fell sick, and Mr. Evarts announced that Mr. Tracy would continue the cross examination. Explosions were looked for at once, because the witness had testified that Mr. Tracy was violating a pledge made as from lawyer to client in appearing with the counsel for the defense. Mr. Beach made a solemn protest, Mr. Tracy a solemn disavowal. The witness was apparently unaffected by the uncomfortable feeling prevalent. At the first opportunity he promised to try and show his questioner every courtesy, and went through the work with his ready, fresh manner, which would have seemed careless, even, if there had been any mistakes attributable to carelessness. Counsel for plaintiff did not at first support their witness with as many objections as Mr. Evarts had put in against him. He "went it alone," virtually, for a day or two, and did not mind it. His answers, as his own examination proceeded, he made just as full as he chose, generally in spite of Mr. Evarts's keen and provident objections. "I said he (Mr. Beecher) was a liar and a libertine—as he is," he put in, in a very trying part of the cross-examination. When he was seriously interfered with by counsel he put himself under the protection of the Court with much *sans froid*. "I should like to tell them what did happen, your Honor," he would say on occasions when he had not been asked, and evidently was not going to be asked, what did happen. "Can't I tell 'em, your Honor?" He did not avoid unpleasantly connecting Mr. Tracy's name with the story he was telling. To this Mr. Tracy objected, and Mr. Evarts objected, two or three times a day generally, and the remarks were generally stricken from the minutes; yet almost the last thing the witness did yesterday was to offend in the same way. In fact, much as if the witness's seat were his leather chair in a club-room, he took his ease in it, presided almost at times, interested himself in everything that went on about him, offered to read papers for the defendant's counsel, obtained information from the stenographer for Mr. Evarts, chatted with Court and counsel, unheeded Mr. Evarts's protests, and was familiar, and friendly, and keen, and wary, all around and at the same time.

At one other time only, besides that already mentioned, did he seem to be at all deserted by his self-possession—namely, when he was denying that he had threatened or suggested personal violence to Mr. Beecher. Even then the disturbance lasted barely fifteen minutes, and he was serene again. The last words he said on the stand were volunteered to the court, and were mostly stricken out.



THE HALLWAY OF THEODORE TILTON'S RESIDENCE.



PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ORANGE STREET, BROOKLYN



RESIDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS STORRS, 34 MONROE PLACE, BROOKLYN, THE PLACE WHERE THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE MET.

A Pen-Picture of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton.

MRS. ELIZABETH R. TILTON, whose name has become unfortunately conspicuous in connection with the great Brooklyn scandal, is under medium height, with black hair and eyes, a face that is interesting, with an expression that indicates unusual sensibility and sentimentality rather than intellectual force or refinement. Her appearance is modest, and her air peculiarly sincere and confiding. Her manners are easy and natural, with a simple grace which is more pleasing than what passes for elegance in polite society. Her prevailing mood is profoundly serious, lit up by occasional gleams of joy, and sometimes breaking into a beautiful playfulness. At times, when her feel-

ings are pleasantly excited and her face glows with expression, she appears really handsome; at other times, when depressed or wearied or unexcited, her eye is lustreless and her face is dull and unattractive. She is a good housekeeper and an excellent mother, devotedly fond of her children, and doing more for them and spending more time in reading to them and talking with them than most mothers. Her tastes and habits are domestic, sentimental, and religious rather than æsthetic or literary; her reading has not been extensive, and her favorite pictures are valuable for their sentiment rather than artistic excellence or imaginative power. She has had seven children, four of whom are living. The eldest is a daughter of more than ordinary maturity of mind and force of character.

She resembles her father much more than the other children—so much that she would be recognized as his daughter by those who are familiar with his features. Her home, on Livingston Street, was once peculiarly attractive and charming by affection that filled its rooms with a climate of Summer and a fragrance as of blooming roses; it was tastefully furnished, graced with exquisite pictures, made poetic by the disposition and arrangement of its contents, and the ideal element visible and palpable in every apartment. It seemed to realize the ideal of home.

Of Mrs. Tilton's married life it is obviously indelicate and unbecoming to say much. She was naturally religious, and united with the church when young, and had a class in the Sunday-school.

She was attached to all persons of a religious cast of mind, and particularly friendly to her pastor, to whom she seems to have gone for counsel, and on whom she had leaned, perhaps, more than was well for either. The last evidence of her religious sincerity is furnished by the fact that her husband has defended her so long, and by his emphatic statements before the committee. If she has sinned, he contends, that was through the blinding of her conscience and the misleading of her mind, and he acquits her of guilt while he accuses her of crime. "I have taken pains to say that she was a devoted Christian woman," said Mr. Tilton, on examination; "a tender, delicate, kindly Christian woman. Here is one of the white souls."



SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM—MR. BEECHER, WITH MRS. BEECHER, SHAKING HANDS WITH MRS. TILTON.